and later, Diane: Bitchin' Obituaries -- the World's Most Fascinating Genre

Consider how friends fit into your life story.

"When a friend asked me to write the obituary for his father, George, his family told me, 'You have to talk about George's friend Lenny.' As I began writing, it became evident that much of George's life was defined by this lifelong best friendship, and his obituary would've been incomplete without a mention of Lenny. Since then, I've always asked families, 'What was it like to be this person's friend?' Their answers open another dimension to their memories. It's inspired me to tell the people in my life how important they are to me. I want them to hear it from me now—not read about it in the newspaper."

KITTY SHEEHAN, COFOUNDER OF THE HEALING OBITUARY, A WRITING SERVICE AND TRAINING COMPANY

May 2026

Murphyao Ink

Joan Didion's husband wrote:
"William Faulkner once said that a writer's obituary should read, 'He wrote books, then he died.'"

* * *

Absolutely no shame, Norma Jean, but if you are 93, how are you passing away "unexpectedly."

* * *

I don't really understand how the algorithm works, but I'm glad that it realized that obituaries are appropriate content to suggest to me. Keep nailing it, ya creepers.

A Celebration of Life will be held 11:00 a.m. Friday, October 16 at St Stephen's Lutheran Church, 1575 Charlton Avenue, West St. Paul, MN 55118. All COVID-19 protocols will be observed. No gathering will be held afterwards. Memorials preferred by the family to the church. In lieu of flowers, Georgia preferred that you do not vote for Trump.

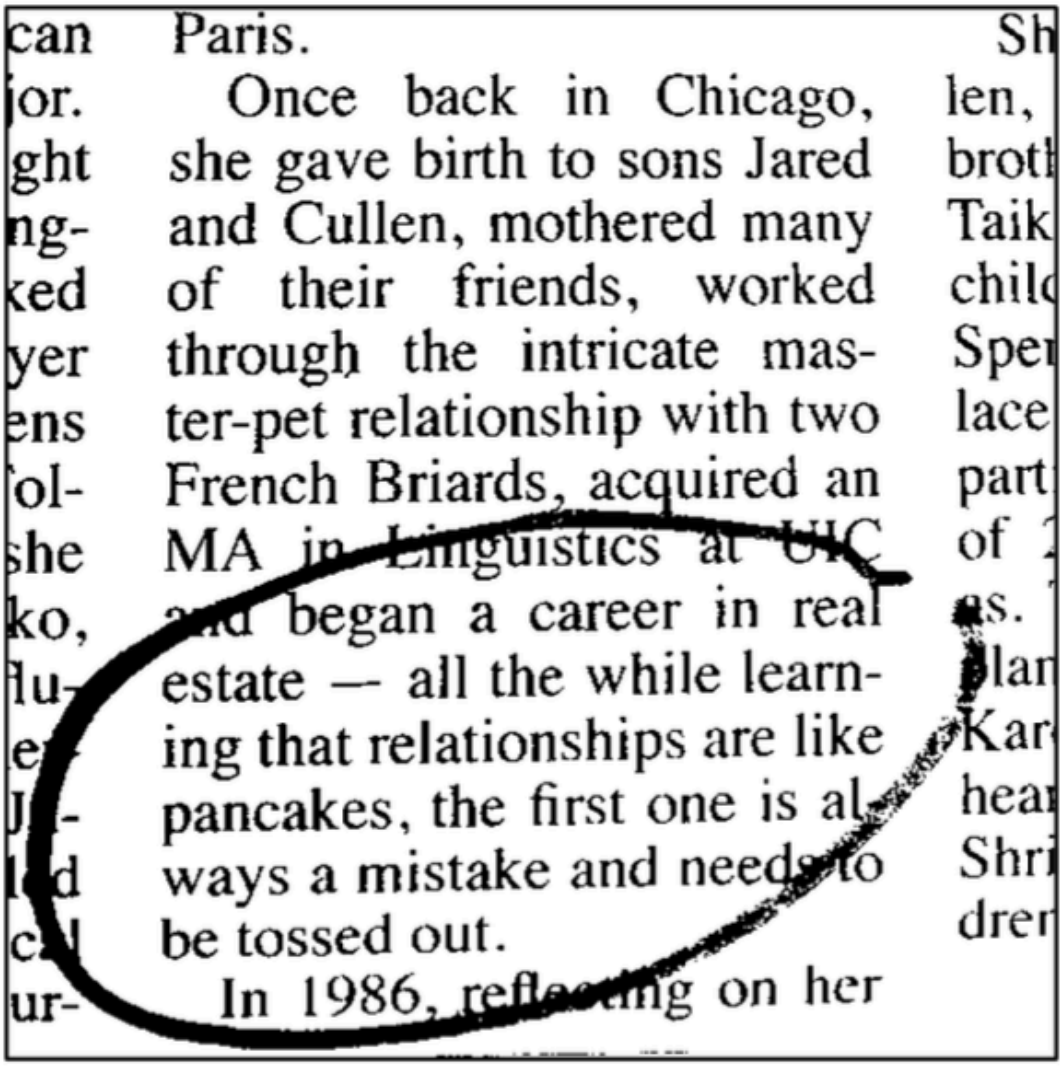
Willwerscheid West Heights Chapel

job at the U. of C.

Bevington lived and threw parties for 52 years in a red brick home on South Blackstone Avenue. In 1973 after

Holly Blair exploded into glitter and bats on Aug. 17, 2020. She is survived by four spoiled cats, two stinky dogs, three bad birds, a turtle and an utterly useless frog named Fred, as well as three children and a husband of little to no importance. Her remains will be interred under a tree with the ridiculous multitude of animals she rescued, both wild and domestic.

Her future plans include drinking beer with Terry Pratchett and flying across the moon on her broomstick on Halloween. She has also promised to communicate with us from the beyond via the cockatiel psyche. We ask that everyone carve extra jack-o'-lanterns on Halloween this year in her honor. All hail the wicked witch of Juniper Road!



Paris.

Once back in Chicago, she gave birth to sons Jared and Cullen, mothered many of their friends, worked through the intricate master-pet relationship with two French Briards, acquired an MA in Linguistics at UIC and began a career in real estate — all the while learning that relationships are like pancakes, the first one is always a mistake and needs to be tossed out.

In 1986, reflecting on her

Brian E. Murphy ditched this popsicle stand on August 11 in the early morning,

Connie and Earl had one daughter, Connie Earlita, and one granddaughter, Jenna Rose. She is survived by her sister, Grace Barnes, and brother-in-law, David Barnes. She is preceded in death by Gloria Parker, her sister, her parents, brothers-in-law Bennie, Harry, Sidney, John, Lamar, and Ronald. She also had many nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends who will remember her fondly.

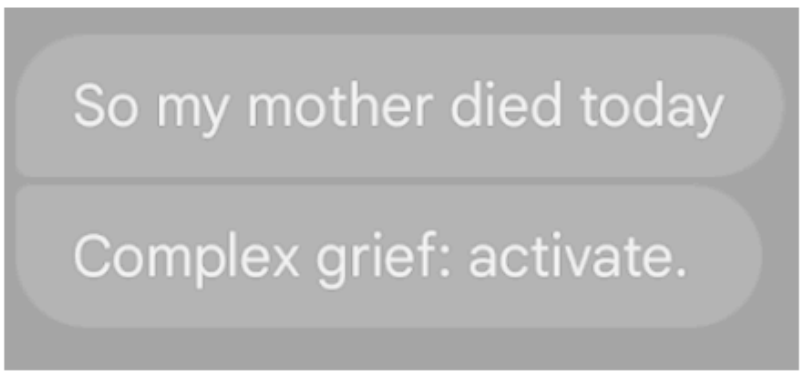
For over 20 years, Connie mourned feverishly for her husband, Earl.

Along with all the work, Martha also mixed in a little play, attending clown college at Robert Morris University with Annette Gerwell (Mount Assisi Academy Class of 1959) and performing professionally in parades and other venues as "Buttons & Bows." She died in 2022 at age 89.

Death is not an emergency.

While my fun memories of childhood are clouded by the complexities of our strained relationship in my adult years, there are certain imprints she bequeathed that I'll never shake, such as the the importance of generous tipping, the beauty of a medium rare steak and an early afternoon beer, human kindness...

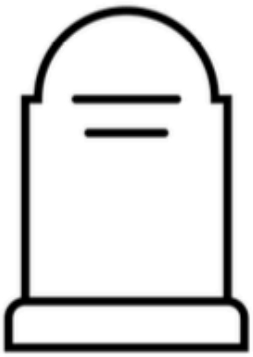
The obit says that Kathleen Dehmlow "will now face judgement" and "will not be missed by Gina and Jay, and they understand that this world is a better place without her."



"My grandmother had a saying: *'And Magda Goebbels made a great strudel.'* For years I didn't understand it, until my mother explained that some glossy magazine once ran a puff piece on Magda Goebbels – Hitler's propaganda queen – complete with her strudel recipe. My grandmother, who despised the Nazis with every ounce of her soul, used it as shorthand for the way media will sanitize evil by focusing on something trivial, domestic, or charming while ignoring the atrocities staring us in the face."

"Telling people what way to approach death or grieving really isn't honoring individuality or how people process that part of life, which nobody ever wants to talk about and nobody really deals with."

He leaves behind his second-favorite son, Rocky(and Lizeth) Loveless of Arizona City, AZ, his favorite son, Rodney Loveless of Science Hill, KY, a younger brother, Joey, and unofficial daughter Melissa(and Coy) Vance of the trailer park, as well as a pair of old boxers which have 'Buttweiser the King of Rears' printed on the design. He will be moderately missed.



David shared that it bothered him when obituaries did not name the cause of death. Before his death he made clear that he wanted his to be known. On Christmas night, surrounded by his wife, children, and his brother, under the gentle glow of the Christmas tree lights in the simple home he loved, David's final chapter came to a close at the far-too-young age of 58. David died of acute liver failure and irreversible kidney damage as a result of alcohol addiction, a tragic convergence of years of excessive drinking, an unwillingness to seek help, and ultimately the inability to stop. This is not the whole of David's story, but it is an inescapable part of it. It is shared not with shame, but with hope. Hope that someone reading this, whether you knew David or not, might find healing or new life in your own story. Because, as David believed, everyone's life is important. Everyone's story matters.

A bot wrote this obituary and I'm losing my mind

Brenda Tent retired from living at the age of old, surrounded by family and natural causes. A librarian from birth, Brenda was an avid collector of dust. She had a sweet heart and married her high school. She loved having hobbies and helping her sons to be disadvantaged youths. She had no horses but thought she did. The church gave her a choir because she sang like bird and looked like bird and Brenda was a bird. She owed us so many poems.

The funeral will be held in 1977 at heaven. In lieu of flowers, send Brenda more life.

He was active in the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Co. of Chicago (where he met his wives, Ruth and later, Diane); Grant Park Chorus and the U. of C. Chorus. He was a longtime member of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, singing in their choir and active in church affairs.

THOMAS BOODELL, JR., ATTORNEY AND INVETERATE OPTIMIST, DIES AT 87

Karen struggled with addiction for much of her adult life. Despite periods of sobriety, Karen ultimately succumbed to her addiction and died by overdose on April 7, 2024.

She will be deeply missed by those who knew and loved her. This information is shared in the hope that it may help destigmatize substance abuse and prevent additional unnecessary loss. In lieu of flowers, Karen's parents respectfully suggest donations to the following organization: To Write Love on Her Arms,

Although he was bereft by the death of his first wife, Evadine Downer, after 42 years, he found happiness in a long second marriage of 26 years with Phyllis Downer. After Phyllis died Guy realized he was lonely. With only middling technical skills, he created a profile for himself on an online dating site and began courting Gail Hague.

Out of all the enemies I have accumulated over the entire span of my life, be it abstract, faint, temporary, everlasting, vigorous, real, or fictional, none is as big and relentless as the can opener. Any can opener. All can openers.

If I die first, please ensure that truth doesn't evade my obituary.

She sounded great and lowkey it's making me I'm realizing I can't trust anyone that would out live me to write my obituary. They'll write "well she was there and a little too much like her mom." 😒 While I'd phrase it as "she was her mother's daughter but if you weren't a dingleberry you'd also witness her being her father's daughter." 😒

Further reading:
@tipsfromdeadpeople
Postal Service for the Dead
You and Your Mental Health:
A Friendship to the End

David loved a good story.
Tell a good story with your life.

May she rest in power.

aprilreadsbooks I'm in good health and anticipate living many more years, but I wrote my own obituary today. I was encouraged to do so by this book, You Only Die Once. Writing your own obituary can offer clarity about the legacy that you want to leave behind, and about the kind of life you want to create today. It's a useful exercise - if you try it, I'd be curious to find out what you take away from the experience.

* fin *